

MARY HARTMAN MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #180

by

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FINAL DRAFT
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
ANNIE WYLIE (TIPPYTOES)	GLORIA DeHAVEN
JODY TROXEL	DAVID HINTON
DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON	RON FEINBERG
MRS. DELOREAN	IRIS KORN

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ACT ONEHAGGERS LIVING ROOM -- NEXT AFTERNOON

EMPTY. SFX: CAR DRIVES UP OUTSIDE.
STOPS. ENGINE TURNED OFF. TWO CAR
DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE. FRONT DOOR
OPENS AND LORETTA AND JODY COME
BACK FROM THEIR BOOTLESS TRIP TO
NEW JERSEY. LORETTA IS NATURALLY
MIGHTY LOW IN SPIRIT. JODY DOES
HIS FUTILE BEST TO GIVE COMFORT
AND HOPE.

LORETTA

Oh, Lord, my spirits never been so down
and trodden in all my born days.

JODY

Charlie'll turn up, Mrs. Haggars. I just
know he will.

LORETTA

I got a fierce desire to believe that,
Jody, having all the ever-loving love
for that man like I do. But he's obvious
got his mind set on not never coming back.

JODY

He could change his mind. And I've just
got a feeling he will.

LORETTA

He's doing what he's doing on account of the reciprocated type love he's got for me, which he thinks it ain't fair to me and my fierce female needs and yearnings which he can't do nothing about. So as long as he's got that miserable disability of his, he won't come home. And he's gonna have that disability until he stops thinking he can't lose it, and apparent he ain't never gonna stop that type thinking, so he ain't never coming back. It's what they call a viscous circle.

JODY

Mrs. Hagers, you're only looking at the dark side. You ought to look at the bright side of this thing.

LORETTA

This thing ain't got no sides, Jody. All it is is a fierce smear of dark.

JODY

Now that's not true. For one thing, Charlie's out of jail. When he called you up and said he was never coming back, he was still in jail, and that can be an awful downer. I know. But now that he's out, he'll start looking at things different.

LORETTA

Maybe. If he stays out of jail. But from what that weird Dr. Fratkis had to say, it looks like as if Charlie got his sweet self mixed up with a criminal-type which he met him in jail and they left together with.

JODY

(HELL BENT ON PROPPING HER SPIRITS)

Look, Charlie can take care of himself.

LORETTA

In the main and general, yes. But he's such a trusting soul, Jody, he's the kind which sometimes gets fierce took advantage of and led terrible astray.

JODY

Look, Mrs. Haggars.

LORETTA

Would you call me Loretta? It's gettin' on my nerves.

JODY

There is no sense in us moping around about how bad things are. What we've got to do is decide what we're gonna do, how we're gonna find Charlie.

LORETTA

Now, you're right there, Jody. You are absolutely right. We gotta sit down and plan out what we's gonna do. We gotta be business-like and deep. (PROCEEDS TO SEARCH FOR AND LOCATE A PENCIL AND PAPER, NOT AN EASY TASK IN THIS MESSY HOUSE) Now, I'll get a pencil and a pad of paper and we'll make out a list of what we gotta do.

JODY

Good idea.

LORETTA

(STILL SEARCHING) I mean, a man can't complete and entire disappear off the face of God's green earth. What we gotta do is decide how we're gonna go about finding him.

JODY

Right.

LORETTA

Being so fierce upset and a bereft woman like I am, I ain't been thinking real prectical, and I appreciate your Christian friendship setting my mind straight about what we gotta do, because, sure as water off a duck's back, we gotta do something.

JODY

Right.

LORETTA

(FINDS PENCIL & PAPER AND SITS) What
are we gonna do?

JODY

I don't know. The way you were talking
there, I thought you had some ideas.

LORETTA

About how to find Charlie?

JODY

Yeah.

LORETTA

Jody, if I had the ideas, why would I be
thankin' you for havin' the ideas?

JODY

Oh.

LORETTA

I was just a mite encouraged there for
a bitty minute on account of I thought you
had some ideas. But now I'm back complete
dis-encouraged again. (TEARS START) Oh,
I'd just lay down and die if I knew how.
(CRIES)

SYMPATHETIC JODY COMES TO HER AND
PUTS COMFORTING ARM AROUND HER

JODY

Hey, come on - don't do that. I mean, I'm
here.

LORETTA

And Charlie isn't.

SHE CRIES HARDER. JODY HOLDING
LORETTA AS THE FRONT DOOR OPENS
AND MARY ENTERS.

MARY

(ENTERING) I saw the car outside and
I... (SEES LORETTA IN JODY'S ARMS) Oh.
Excuse me.

LORETTA

Mary. My best friend in all this lonely
world!

MARY

Well, I got your note about you two going
off together, and I wanted to talk to
you about it. But I guess you want to be
alone. Excuse me for barging in. I guess
you forgot to lock the door.

LORETTA

Mary, what in the foggy blue morning are
you talking about?

MARY

Well, I must say I was surprised. I
mean nobody's forcing me to say that,
but I must say it because it's the
truth. I mean I knew you thought
Charlie was never coming home and I
knew you were feeling very repressed,
but I didn't think you'd do anything
about it so soon.

JODY

Mrs. Hartman, we only...

MARY

(INTERRUPTS) I'm only saying that I thought there would be what people call a decent period of mourning. Like when somebody dies. Of course, Charlie didn't die, but you thought it was kind of the same thing.

LORETTA

Mary Hartman, if you're implying the implication that Jody and me went slamming off for some adultery type reason, you got yourself a whooping heap of mind-changing to do.

MARY

(SHAME-FACED) No! Nothing like that!

JODY

We just went to New Jersey to find out about Charlie.

MARY

Oh. Now isn't that ironic. I mean: that is really ironic.

LORETTA

Hunh?

MARY

Because while you were going from Ohio to New Jersey to find out about Charlie, Charlie was coming from New Jersey to Ohio to find out about you.

LORETTA

Charlie?

MARY

Now you have to admit that's ironic.

LORETTA

Forget about the ironic part Mary Hartman.

Now how do you know Charlie was coming
back from New Jersey to Fernwood when we
was gone?

MARY

Because I saw him.

LORETTA

You saw him? You saw my Charlie? You
mean he's back?

MARY

No.

LORETTA

But where is he?

MARY

I don't think you're listening. He was
back, but he is not back now. That's the
ironic part.

LORETTA

Mary, the way you said that puts me in
mind that something even more tragic has
flung itself at us.

JODY

Mrs. Hartman, do you or do you not know
where Charlie is?

MARY

Well, yes and no.

LORETTA

Mary, that ain't a yes and no type question.

It's a where type question.

MARY

Only I have to answer it as a "why." As
in why he left. My home, actually.
Which is only next door, so it's
practically the same thing.

JODY

Okay, why did he leave -- as in why ain't
he still here?

MARY

Because I think I made a mistake.
Mistakenly. I mean, I wouldn't have done
it on purpose.

LORETTA

What, Mary? Like what?

MARY

Well, sort of like leading Charlie to
believe that you and Jody had run off
together, you know, romantically.

LORETTA

Run off?

MARY

Well, driven off, but it's the same thing.

LORETTA

But why?

MARY

Because of the note.

LORETTA

But didn't you tell him we was goin' to New Jersey on account of him? To find him?

MARY

You see, you didn't tell me the New Jersey part in your note. Or the finding part. So I couldn't tell Charlie that's what the two of you had on your mind. Minds.

JODY

So then where did you tell him we went?

MARY

Well, you see, I didn't know. So I implied.

LORETTA

Implied what?

MARY

Look, Loretta, I didn't say it. I just implied that you'd probably gone to some motel. But I only implied it.

LORETTA

Oh, Mary, how could you do such a thing. You know I'd never cheat on my baby boy!

MARY

Well, I know you love him. But I also know how sexually repressed you've been. And Dear Abby says that sexually repressed women often do things they wouldn't normally do if they weren't. Sexually repressed. Peculiar things. Like being unfaithful to their husbands or going to New Jersey --

LORETTA

So you told Charlie I went off to get sexually un-repressed with Jody? Is that what you did?

MARY

No, I didn't tell him that, Loretta. I just implied. Because that's what your note implied. Now, next time you and Jody go to New Jersey looking for Charlie and you leave me a note because I'm not home, you really ought to be more careful about how you word it. Words are very important when you're writing something in a moment of anxiety on your way to New Jersey.

JODY

(TRYING TO INJECT SANITY) Look, look, wait a minute.

(MORE)

JODY (CONT'D)

We can straighten all this stuff out later. Where is Charlie now? Where'd he go?

MARY

I don't know. I mean, I could guess --

LORETTA

Do you think he went back to New Jersey?

MARY

No, I don't think it was New Jersey. There was an awful lot of implying going on, and Charlie implied that where he was going was a lot farther away than New Jersey. A lot. But before I could say, "Oh, my God, no" -- he was gone.

LORETTA

(PLAINTIVELY) Charlie?

MARY

But obviously not forgotten.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOSCENE 1SLUMBER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

THERE ARE SEVERAL COFFINS AROUND. ALSO SOME FLOWERS. GRANDPA, SOLO, IS DUSTING THE ROOM WITH FEATHER DUSTER, NOT WORKING VERY HARD BECAUSE THE ROOM IS NEAT AND SEEMINGLY DUST FREE. GRANDPA PAUSES IN HIS DUST-FLICKING LONG ENOUGH TO PLUCK A FLOWER FROM ONE OF THE VASES AND PUT IT JAUNTILY IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE. HE RESUMES HIS DUST-FLICKING. HE OPENS SEVERAL COFFINS AND DUSTS THEIR INSIDES. HE OPENS ANOTHER COFFIN, AND:

GRANDPA

Oh, excuse me, I didn't know there was anybody here.

HE CLOSES COFFIN, RESUMES HIS DUSTING. MRS. DELOREAN APPEARS AT THE DOOR.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(POLITE) May I help you?

DELOREAN

I was looking for the manager.

GRANDPA

I'm not the manager, but I manage.

Little a office joke there.

DELOREAN

Can you give me some information about your services?

GRANDPA

Sure. That's kind of my department. I'm a before-need counselor.

DELOREAN

A before-need counselor?

GRANDPA

I counsel people about the mortuary before they need it. That means before anybody dies. I mean, after all, if nobody's dead, who needs a mortuary? Is somebody in your family about to?

DELOREAN

About to what? Oh, yes. That's why I'm here. I wanted to look over your facilities.

GRANDPA

Oh, we've got the best. If you're dead, you couldn't come to a better place.

DELOREAN

I was particularly interested in your private rooms. I mean the rooms where the family can have privacy. To mourn. I guess you'd call that a mourning room.

GRANDPA

Not around here. This is a very high class place. We get the best class of stiff in town.

(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

So we don't use the word "mourning". We try to keep things cheerful. After all, it's bad enough having to go to a funeral without getting depressed about it. The kind of room you're talking about, we call a slumber room.

DELOREAN

Oh. I see. That's very tactful.

GRANDPA

Kind of misleading, if you ask me. They may look like they're slumbering, but none of them have ever left a wake-up call.

DELOREAN

May I see one of your slumber rooms?

GRANDPA

You're in one.

DELOREAN

Oh. (LOOKS AROUND) It's very nice.

GRANDPA

Neat but not gaudy.

DELOREAN

If I were to rent this room -- for the mourning family -- could they be assured of absolute privacy?

GRANDPA

Absolutely. They could lock the door and mourn 'til the cows come home.

DELOREAN

Well. Fine. Thank you. You've been very helpful.

GRANDPA

Don't mention it. Glad you dropped in. It's nice to see somebody around here who can still talk.

DELOREAN

You're a very cheerful person, considering your line of work.

GRANDPA

Well, I might as well enjoy myself while I can. I'll be a customer here pretty soon myself.

DELOREAN

Nonsense. I'm sure you've got a lot of good years left.

GRANDPA

Maybe I got some years left, but I don't know how good they are.

DELOREAN

I'll bet a lot of women still find you very attractive.

GRANDPA

If they do, they sure keep it a secret.

DELOREAN

You know, I know some very attractive women. Pretty sexy, too. Perhaps you'd like to meet one?

GRANDPA

Thanks very much, but I've forgotten what to do with a sexy woman. And I've got a feeling it wouldn't do me any good to remember.

CUT TO:SCENE 2SHUMWAY KITCHEN, AFTERNOON

MARTHA AND H.V. AT TABLE HAVING COFFEE. H.V. IS SMOKING A CIGARETTE. PACK OF CIGARETTES IS ON TABLE.

MARTHA

So you really think you're getting closer to the prostitutes of Fernwood?

JOHNSON

Absolutely. After the CB connection there's only one link left.

MARTHA

Of course, in my family, we never even talk about such things.

JOHNSON

But I'm glad you listen. If you hadn't, I never would have been turned on to Tippytoes' radio.

MARTHA

(INTERRUPTS) Until I was twenty-five years old, I thought a call girl was somebody who worked for the telephone company.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

And the only CB radio I ever heard of was the one that belonged to the President's wife, and so I never thought of prostitutes in connection to that. And I think it's just terrible if there's a prostitution business right here in Fernwood.

JOHNSON

That's exactly how we feel on the police force, too, Martha.

MARTHA

I mean, I think prostitution is a more serious civic problem than smog. After all, smog never corrupted anybody's morals.

JOHNSON

Right. So how would you like to help us break up a vice ring?

MARTHA

Me? But what could I do?

JOHNSON

Undercover work.

MARTHA

You don't mean something in bed. Like under the sheets type covers.

JOHNSON

No, no. Nothing like that. I mean posing as a prostitute.

MARTHA

How does a prostitute pose?

JOHNSON

Look, Martha. I know from your work on our police training films that you've got acting talent. I'm sure you could do undercover work for us, making believe you're a prostitute, acting like one.

MARTHA

Well, I've never seen a real prostitute.

But I have seen them in the movies.

Maybe I could do it. How's this?

SHE TAKES ONE OF HIS CIGARETTES,
PUTS IT DANGLING BETWEEN HER LIPS,
RISES, PICKS UP HER PURSE, TAKES
A POSE LIKE A GIGOLO'S MOLL UNDER
A STREET LAMP, SWINGS HER PURSE
AROUND, AND:

MARTHA (CONT'D)

'Allo, Baybee. Voulez-vous parler
Francais avec moi?

JOHNSON

Well, that's not exactly what I had in
mind.

MARTHA

It's high school French.

JOHNSON

But I think you could help us, if you
wanted.

MARTHA

All right, I'll try. But don't you think I'm a little too old? I mean, to look like a prostitute. I thought they were all young like Ann-Margret or Raquel Welch. Not that they're prostitutes. They're actresses. But who would want to pay money for me?

JOHNSON

Well... for one... I would.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON

MARY, SOLA, IS AT TABLE, WRITING IN
HER JOURNAL.

MARY (V.O.)

(OVER, AS SHE WRITES) Mr. Gore Vidal told me to write my thoughts in this journal, and what I've been thinking about lately is being bi-sexual. I don't mean my being bi-sexual. I wouldn't even think about that. I mean Annie being bi-sexual. Which I think she is, and I think that is very interesting. In a disgusting sort of way. I mean how can a woman make love to a woman? It seems impossible, but there must be a way if they do it. Of course, I don't even want to think about that. In fact, that's not even the thought I'm writing in my journal. What my thought is now is that I think I'll really try to find out if Annie really is bi-sexual, because if she is, that would be something very interesting to put in my book.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

The fact that I met a real bi-sexual person.
Not that I did anything bi-sexual. Just that
I knew one. So I think I'll really try to
find out about her. What I've got to do
is find reasons for seeing her without letting
her know I'm just observing her and making
notes. For my book.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2TIPPYTOES'TRAILER, LATE AFTERNOON

ANNIE, VERY LAID BACK, LISTENING TO
MUSIC. MOMENT. SFX KNOCK ON DOOR.

ANNIE

Yeah, come in.

DOOR OPENS AND MARY ENTERS. SHE CARRIES
A SMALL NOTE BOOK.

ANNIE

Hi, Mar'.

MARY

Hi. I was just going to the market. To
shop. So I thought I'd come over and see
if you needed anything. From the market.
To eat. I thought I could get it for you.
because I'm going there. Anyway.

ANNIE

Thanks, Mar', but I really don't need
anything.

MARY

Good. So how are you?

ANNIE

Fine. Just doing fine.

MARY

That's good. That's really good, but what's new? Like in what have you been doing?

ANNIE

Anything and anybody.

MARY

Is that a sexual reference? (WRITES IN HER NOTEBOOK)

ANNIE

What're you writing?

MARY

Oh, just something I forgot to put on my shopping list. I always write out a shopping list when I'm going shopping. That way, I don't forget anything. If I write it down. So who have you been doing anything and anybody with? I mean, who?

ANNIE

Huh?

MARY

I mean, who? Sexually.

ANNIE

Oh, well, that was just a figure of speech.

MARY

But if you wanted to do anything and anybody, then I guess you know a lot of people you could do it with.

(MORE)

ANNIE

Well, I've been making friends while I've been here. I suppose, yes. What are you leading to?

MARY

Absolutely nothing. I never lead. (MARY MAKES ANOTHER NOTE) been making...

ANNIE

Think of something else?

MARY

...A cake! For my shopping list. Nothing important.

MARY MAKES OCCASIONAL NOTES AT APPROPRIATE MOMENTS THROUGH THE FOLLOWING.

ANNIE

How about amending that to fun friends?

MARY

(WRITING) Fun friends. (STOPS) I mean, what friends?

ANNIE

People like you.

MARY

Do you think I'm fun?

ANNIE

Sure.

MARY

But am I a friend? I mean, a true friend? Doesn't that take longer with all kinds of common experiences?

ANNIE

What kind of experiences did you have in mind?

MARY

None. Absolutely none.

ANNIE

But don't you want us to be friends?

MARY

Not in that sense.

ANNIE

What sense?

MARY

Whatever sense you mean. I mean I want us to be friends like Loretta's my friend. But not (SEDUCTIVELY) "friend" friends.

ANNIE

Mary, you're so nervous. Why don't you relax?

MARY

Oh, I am so relaxed, you wouldn't believe how relaxed I am. (DROPS PENCIL)

ANNIE

Here, turn around.

MARY

Why? No. I mean, why?

ANNIE

Because you can always tell how tense a person is by the muscles at the base of the neck.

MARY

No, my muscles lie. I have basically stiff muscles. Ever since I quit smoking.

ANNIE

Then you must be thinking about something to make you nervous.

MARY

I am not nervous!

ANNIE

Look, come here, I've got something to show you that'll get your mind off whatever it is or isn't.

MARY

Where?

ANNIE

In the bedroom.

MARY

(STARTING TO PANIC) You mean your bedroom? What for?

ANNIE

I think you'll like it -- trust me.

MARY

No, I don't think I'd like it. Whatever it is. I really don't. As a matter of fact I'm sure I wouldn't. (STARTS TO SHAKE)

ANNIE

Mary, what's the matter?

MARY

Nothing, please.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I just really don't want you to show me anything interesting in the bedroom.

ANNIE

You're shivering.

MARY

Well, of course I'm shivering. There's a draft.

ANNIE

Wait a minute.

MARY

No. Annie? Please--! Really.

ANNIE EXITS INTO BEDROOM, RETURNS WITH A PATCHWORK BEDSPREAD.

ANNIE

This is what I wanted to show you. And if there's a draft, even better.

MARY

That's not sex -- it's a quilt.

ANNIE

I picked it up at an antique store. Here, put it around your shoulders if you're cold.

MARY

Oh! It's all right, really, don't bother. Actually, I get flushes.

ANNIE

Feel good?

ANNIE PROCEEDS TO DRAPE THE SPREAD AROUND MARY AND HAS HER ARMS AROUND HER IN WHAT SEEMS LIKE A SEXY WAY TO TOM WHO ENTERS.

TOM

Hi, Annie, I... (SEES WHAT THEY'RE
DOING) Mary?

MARY

Tom!

TOM

What's going on?

MARY

Nothing, as you can see. Annie was just
covering me with this lovely antique quilt.

TOM

Huhh? I mean, why?

MARY

Nothing, it's nothing. Did you just get
home from work?

TOM

Yeah.

MARY

Isn't that nice? Did you have a good day?
She bought it in an antique store.

TOME

Listen, Mary...

MARY

What?

TOM

(QUICK GLANCE AT ANNIE) Nothing... we'll
talk about it later.

MARY

Actually, we can talk about it when we go
H-O-M-E.

ANNIE

Look, if you guys have something to discuss in private, I'll split. How about if I run down to the market for you, Mary?

MARY

Oh, that's not necessary.

ANNIE

I fell like getting some air anyway. (PICKS UP MARY'S NOTEBOOK) I'll just take your shopping list.

TOM

Fine, we've never been alone in a trailer before, just man and woman.

ANNIE

See you later. (EXITS)

MARY

Oh, my God!

TOM

What's the matter?

MARY

Well, outside of the fact that she'll find out my cake was really Gore Vidal, nothing. Oh, Tom, hold me.

TOM

Sure, babe. And you can tell me what's been going on?

MARY

Can I? I mean, really -- can I?

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #180